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LEGAL NOTICES.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Las Cruces, N. M., January 24, 1901.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before R. V. McKee, U. S. Commissioner at Deming, N. M., on March 10, 1901, to wit: William H. Merrill, of Deming, N. M., who made his entry No. 117 for the N. M. L. No. 27, T. 10 N., R. 10 E., Range 10 N., Section 17.

Notice of Publication.

In the District Court of the county of Grant, N. M., at Deming, N. M., January 24, 1901.
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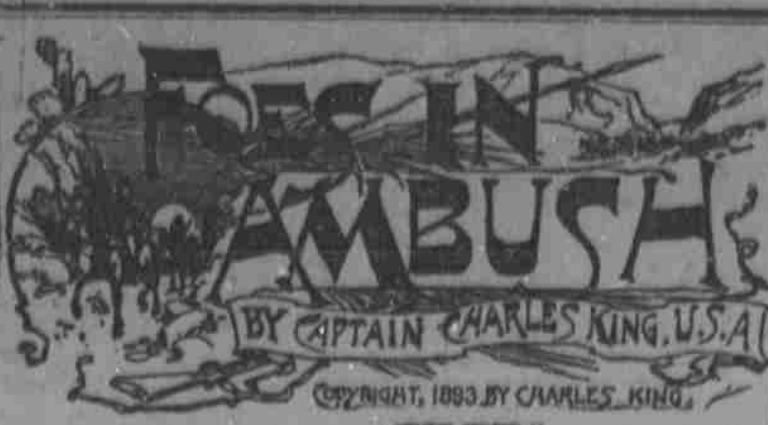
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Range twelve miles south of Deming.

H. W. D. H.

Deming, N. M.



BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

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Synopsis.

Major Plummer, an army paymaster, is crossing the river with a load of provisions for the prison troops in Arizona. His cavalry escort is led by a veteran sergeant named Feeny. The party halts at Moreno's ranch, near the river. A stranger giving his name as "Red Harvey" calls at the ranch and states that himself and a small party are seeking his two sisters across the plains. Their father, a wealthy citizen of Tucson, A. T., was to have met them near Moreno's, but has failed to do so, and his children fear that he has fallen in with murderous Apaches. Half a dozen troopers, led by Corporal Donovan, are sent with the stranger to protection for his sisters. Later two of the troopers return, greatly intoxicated and bringing a note signed "Red Harvey," to the effect that Indians have burned the Harvey camp and carried off the girls. Feeny sends a man to look for the paymaster. Suddenly a horse is seen at a distance, a warning never displayed except the Apaches are on the warpath. CHAPTER II.—Late that night a scouting party of United States Cavalry, under Lieutenant Donovan, is crossing the plains from another direction toward Moreno's. One of the troops is a mysterious recruit, a former stage driver, named Blund.

The riders stumble upon the body of a dead trooper, which proves to be Corporal Donovan. They discover the tell tale blood on the ground, and, apprehending a second fire, light up the sky around Moreno's. Just after dark on the evening the beacon was lit at the signal station a draft wagon and a Concord pulled by the red Harvey and conveying his sisters Blund and Feeny pass by the station on the way to Moreno's. The signal officer in charge, Sergeant Wing, has met the girls in Yuma, and after greeting them and whispering to young Harvey, he sends the rumors about Indian raids start to climb the signal hill.

He suddenly assaults, lassoed, so I dragged to a tent, bound and gagged. At the same time the signal pilot of dry feed beats into flames. At the sight of the signal beam Major Plummer sends a second party of soldiers out to rescue the Harveys. Leaving only the sergeant Feeny, the paymaster and his clerk and the captured trooper to guard his safe.

Ranchman Moreno is severely injured with the "granger" bandit gang of one Morales. Red Harvey and his sisters reach Moreno's. Next two strangers ride up and ask for shelter. Feeny recognizes them, and the light opens. Major Plummer's party and the Harveys are harried in the ranch.

Only for a second had the old Mexican's head appeared, only an instant had he for plea or protestation, but that instant had served to show a narrow streak of light from the room within, and this mere crack revealed to the watchful eyes upon the plain the position of the ranch—possibly told them something more, for in less than half a minute two horsemen came looming up out of the darkness and cantering fearfully toward them. Phlegmatic as he was, old Plummer's nerves gave a twitch as, sharp and stern, young Harvey challenged.

"Halt there! Who are you? Halt! or we fire."

"Friends," shouted one voice. "Americans," the other, as promptly the order to halt was obeyed, the trained horses going almost on their haunches under the cruel force of the huge Mexican bit.

"We are seeking Moreno's," continued the first voice. "The Apaches jumped our outfit just after sunset, and we had to run for it."

"How many are there of you all told?" demanded Harvey.

"Only us two. We're partners, prospecting. Been down toward the Sonora line. For the Lord's sake, gentlemen, don't keep us out here. We've lost everything we've had—picks, packers and grub. We're about dead beat for a drink and something to eat."

"What do you think of this, major?" whispered Harvey. "These are Americans sure."

"Well, I'd let 'em in," said the major, "but where the devil's Feeny? He's the best judge, really. His story may be all true. They may be alone."

"I don't know—it isn't likely. You heard that voice out there a moment ago. That was Mexican beyond any doubt. We'll go to stand those fellows off till we hear from Feeny."

Then, raising his voice, Harvey called: "Just stay where you are a moment. You're all right perhaps, but our guards have orders to be on the lookout for Morales and his gang, and you might get shot by mistake."

"Well, for God's sake, turn out your men, if you've got any, and help us catch these murdering thieves," was the impatient reply. "How many are you?"

"Oh, there's plenty of us here," was Harvey's cheery answer. "Most of O troop, but we've other business on hand."

CHAPTER V.

At midnight the situation at Moreno's ranch was a strange one. The occupants of the two rooms farthest to the east were being besieged by 10 or 15 outlawed men, some Mexican, some "gringos," but all cutthroats, and up to this moment the besieged had had the best of it.

And yet their plight was desperate. In the easternmost room, secure from bullet or missile of any kind so long as they crouched close to the ground and back from the doorway, lay trembling in silence old Harvey's daughters. At the door, only the barrel of his revolver protruding, under cover of all he possibly could behind an improvised parapet of barley bags, knelt their devoted brother, cool and determined, every now and then whispering words of hope and encouragement. In the adjoining room, connected with the eastern chamber by a doorless aperture through the adobe wall, lay the paymaster, sorely wounded, but still conscious and plucky, his faithful niece ministering to him as best he could, staunching the flow of blood and comforting him with cool water.

At the doorway opening on the hard, trampled space at the southern front of the ranch, sheltering himself behind his breastwork of barley, but never relaxing vigilant watch, knelt Sergeant Feeny, a bandana bound about his forehead, the blood trickling down his right cheek, the sleeve of his flannel shirt rent by a bullet that just grazed the upper arm. Kneeling on the counter and peeping through a hole in the bottom of the wooden window shutter, one of Harvey's men kept guard. The other faced the doorway into Moreno's domestic apartments, every now and then letting drive a shot through the woodwork to keep them, as he said, "from moshing with the belt on the side."

In planning his roadside ranch Moreno had allowed outer doors only to those rooms which were for public use. The three which lay to the west of the bar could not be entered except through that secret or by a door giving on the curial, both of these doors being un-



ing, entry."

"Right out ahead there, sergeant. Two men, mounted."

"Come down, one of ye. Dismount and come in here. Leave your gun behind. Give your rifle to your pal there."

"That was Feeny's next mandate. There was a moment of hesitation, a faint sound of whispering as though the self styled prospectors were in consultation, and again Feeny spoke in a tone more sharp and imperative: "Dismount, one, I say. Come in here, or I'll send a bullet for your curda. Quick now."

"Still another delay. The 'prospectors' seemed anxious to edge off into deeper darkness."

"If ye're not off that horse's back in 10 seconds, be jabers, I'll fire. So be lively." And his excitement rose so did Feeny's Irish.

Four, five seconds ticked by, and still there was no approach. Fiercely, with sharp emphasis, the sergeant brought his carbine to full cock. "It's aiming I am," said he as he quickly raised the butt to his shoulder. There was a sudden scurry and scramble of horses' hoofs, low voiced words of warning and a muttered curse or two. Then leaped a tongue of fire into the night, and from the corral corner came a sharp report, followed by a cry, a gurgle, a groan, then silence.

"My God! they've shot the major!" exclaimed Harvey as he leaped away in the direction of the shot. At the same moment away sped the two horsemen in front of the post. No use to fire. They were shrouded in thick darkness and out of harm's way before one could pull trigger. Then came two flashes, two quick reports, then half a dozen rapid, spluttering revolver shots, then a vineful howl and a rush out on the plain. Feeny ran like a deer on the trail of Mr. Harvey, and in less time than it takes to tell they came upon the paymaster, sinking, shocked and nerveless to the sandy soil, his hands clasping on his side.

"Pick him up, you and your man. Carry him into the ranch. I'll take back those blackguards yet. I muttered Feeny as he took a quick snap shot at some dim object fitting across the plain and sent another into the darkness, aiming vaguely where he could hear the third of horses' hoofs. For a moment, running from point to point after each discharge, he kept up a rapid fusillade, under cover of which the hapless paymaster was born swiftly away around the corner of the ranch and tied into the bar, where, wild with anxiety, but faithful to his trust, Mr. Daves still guarded the safe. Then Harvey stepped through the narrow doorway to the eastern room.

"I have to borrow the lamp a moment, Fan," he whispered. "Now, lie still. We may have to stand a siege awhile until father can reach us."

Two minutes more, bending low and with his hand and carbine crumpled into the chamber of his carbine, Feeny turned to make a run for the ranch. Just as he came speeding in past the westward wall the wooden shutter was hurled open, and a strange voice, loud, exultant, strident, burst upon his ear.

"Come on, Pasqual! Come!"

But the rest was lost in the roar of Feeny's ready weapon. The rude facade of adobe blazed red one instant in the flash of the carbine, and the loud report went bellying out across the plain. But within the ranch there went up a wall of terror and dismay, for Ramon Morales, shot through the brain, was stretched lifeless at the foot of Moreno and his shuddering wife.

And then Feeny, unscathed, leaped inside the barroom.

"Now for it, men! Drag in those two drunken brute bastards," he cried, laying hold of Mullin's limp carcass. "Lag in with them water curers. Stick their d—heads into that trough beyond. Now be lively. The whole gang'll be on us in less than a minute."

At the door knelt their devoted brother. All the soldiers were gone, he said, except the "pig of a sergeant" and two drugged and senseless swine. Somebody among them was wounded. There were only three, possibly four, left. Let his companions make combined attack, two or three through his (Moreno's) rooms, two or three rush in from the corral, and the same number from the south front at once, and beyond doubt the cursed Yankees would succumb. Then no quarter, no quarter for the men. His connection with the outlaw band was now known, and the witnesses must be put to death. Then—then the paymaster's safe could readily be battered open, then there was the mint of money to be divided among the victors, then away to Sonora with their spoil and with old Harvey's beautiful daughters. What ransom would he not be willing to pay—that proud, disdainful father! Was ever luck so great? But haste! haste!—not a moment could be lost. They must act at once.

And so Morales hurried to station and instruct his men. Prowling like coyotes through the darkness and at respectful distance from the guarded end of the corral, half a dozen of the number crept into the corral. Others were distributed over the southern front. Three of the lighter and more slender of the band were "posted" through the high west window into Moreno's domain. Then through the middle room they made their way, where sat the seniors, rocking, weeping and moaning over the body of the outlaw leader, where, hiding under the bed, shivering and praying, crouched the senorita, her daughter, and then, barefooted, they crept into the room adjoining the bar and listened, breathless, to the low toned instructions of the veteran sergeant. From without no glimmer of light could guide the assailants or help them in their aim. The black apertures of the doorways were poor marks for night shooting, and the more enterprising and adventurous, crawling like snakes to reconnoiter, were soon able to report that most scientifically had the defense thrown up their breastworks.

From group to group flitted Pasqual. At the shrill hallooing all hands were to rush simultaneously to the attack, firing no shot for fear of hitting one another, but with pistol in one hand

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